

ANOTHER GREAT IKE SWIFT STORY.

THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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LA CAVALIERI.

SHE'S A FAMOUS PARISIAN STAGE BEAUTY AND IS NOW VISITING THIS COUNTRY.



RICHARD K. FOX,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

Saturday, Dec. 22, 1906.

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THE SUPPLEMENT WITH THIS ISSUE:
MABEL WILBER, The Beautiful Singer.

Miscellaneous Sports.

John E. Madden is reported to have won \$20,000 on the season on the victories of Salvadore.

Charley Conkle, the Canadian wrestler, was defeated by Stanley Karpat Buffalo, N. Y., recently.

At the track and field day of the Olympic A. C., at San Francisco, Cal., recently, Ralph Rose put the 12-pound shot 55 feet 6½ inches, a new record.

There is talk of arranging a wrestling match between Fred Beele, the new champion, and the conquered Gotch, to take place in New York next month.

It is reported that Austrian horsemen have been negotiating for three New England stallions, Glen wood M. (2:07¾), Allewood (2:09¾) and Masconomo (2:10¾).

The chestnut stallion Axworthy, famous as the sire of more than forty trotters of the 2:30 class, was sold to William Simpson, of the Empire City Farms Cuba, N. Y.

Budd Doble says that Kinney Lou is a much better horse than ever, and that the bunch of youngsters he is now training by that stallion is the fastest he has ever handled.

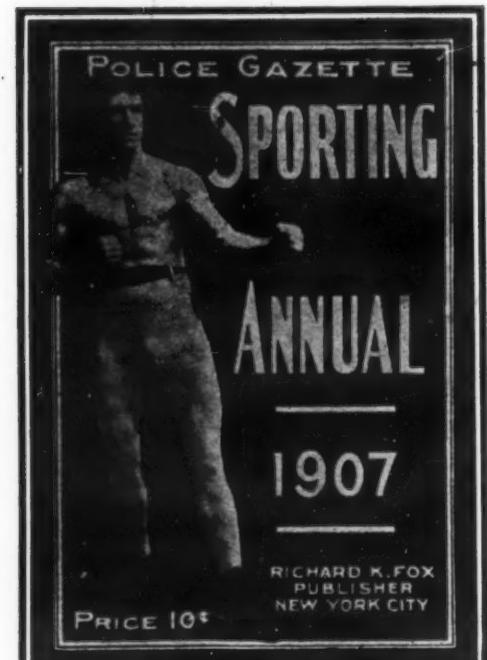
Sweet Marie, the famous trotting mare, was sold recently at the Old Glory sale, at Madison Square Garden, New York, for \$14,000 to George M. Webb, of Philadelphia.

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PROFESSIONALS ARE REQUESTED TO SEND IN PHOTOS

Walter Jones to Appear in a New Act---Cora Wells Proctor Returns to the Stage.

The D'Arville Sisters are Meeting with Success.

Rowenna is one of the vaudeville features with the Harris Parkinson Co.

Ma Dell and Corbley announce that they are booked for the season in Western houses.

The Doherty Sisters report meeting with success on the Keith circuit, and are well booked up.

Leslie and Williams will finish engagements over the Jackson and Hodkins circuits at Oklahoma City.

Charles and Jac Ahearn have dissolved partnership. Charles Ahearn is the special attraction with the Rose Stock Company.

Maurice J. Burns and Ed J. Morris assisted, by Ida E. Carney, under the firm name of Burns,

Fritz Adams has been engaged as leading man with the Edward Harrigan Company.

Cohan and Welch, in their new Hebrew specialty have signed with Fred Irvin's Big Show.

Lena Le Couvier has joined the Empire Burlesque Company, for leads, for the rest of the season.

Harry Newman, "The Funny Little Man," is on the Western Vaudeville Association tour, and reports phenomenal success.

Jarvis and Tudor just closed twenty weeks for the Western Vaudeville Association, and are booked solid until June 3, 1907.

Philip Mindil, formerly press representative for the Proctor circuit and now a publicity pro-



"TELL YOUR FORTUNE, SIR?"

She has the Appearance of the Real Goods, But She's Really a Clever Stage Gypsy.

Morris and Company, are this season in vaudeville. They report success, being booked up until March, by Wesley & Plincus.

John and Mamie Conroy, comedy singing and dancing act, have been working steadily for the past thirty weeks without a lay off.

The Shaw Sisters, Kitty and Georgie, recently arrived from Alaska, and will spend a few months at their home on Long Island.

The Three Keatons are making a big hit with the Fenberg Company. "Buster" and "Jingles" are voted to be the real things in juvenile comedy.

Edwin Young and company are playing the Gus Sun circuit. Little Edna Young, of the company, who was hurt by an automobile accident, has recovered.

Mlle. Fayette and husband (Morton R. Fox) have joined the "Paris by Night" Co. for the rest of this season, Miss Fayette introducing the diamond dress.

The Great Renos, Dotty and Denny, have closed after fourteen weeks with North Brothers' Comedians, at Kenosha, Wis. They report success in their acts.

Leonard and Fiske are at present en route with Ward's Minstrels, introducing their singing and talking act in the olio. Frank H. Leonard is doing principal end, and Frederick Fiske, ballads in the first part. They report scoring success at every performance.

ACTORS AND ACTRESSES
Are requested to send us Photographs in costume for publication. Group pictures are desirable.

moter, has been retained by Keith and Proctor to handle some of their larger special press work, particularly for the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

The Aerial Shaws closed with the Cole Brothers' Shows. They will play vaudeville until they join the Ringling Show for next season.

The Bradfords (colored) are a special vaudeville feature with John A. Himmelman's Ideas, and report meeting with great success at all times.

Josephine Sabel, who is now playing at the Hansa Theatre, Hamburg, Germany, has made such a hit that she has been booked solid abroad for one year.

Frank McCune and May Grant report a big success in their comedy acrobatic and horizontal bar act. They are booked up solid until April 29, 1907.

The Mozarts (Fred and Eva) are booked solid until Spring, and are meeting with their usual success with their novelty sketch, "A Cobbler's Dream."

The Original Weston and Roy, with their new act, "The Sport and the Dutchman," have joined hands again, and report success with a stronger act than ever.

Lew Heresey, contortionist, has signed with Green's Big Vaudeville Company, to do his novelty contortion act, with something new in the line of contortion.

Roster of the Great Raymond and Company, direction Maurice F. Raymond.—Harry Bernard, business manager; William Lane, agent; L. C. Conrath, assistant agent; N. E. Benmore, musical director; Mrs. L. T. Barr, wardrobe; Louis Genter, properties. The

company: The Great Raymond, magician and handcuff expert; Luella Cross, comedienne and impersonator; Marjorie Barrett, mimic; Gonzales, Rube comedian and contortionist; Mlle. Ada, fire dancer; Solita Fuller, illustrated songs, and the De Bar Vin Sisters, acrobatic dancers and coon shouters.

Cecilia Loftus is appearing in the West in a one-act play, called "The Diamond Express," by Cecil Raleigh, which is said to offer her fine opportunities for emotional acting.

The D'Arville Sisters, Jeannette and Irene, are filling an indefinite engagement at the Humboldt Theatre, Chicago, playing responsible parts and introducing their specialties.

Kollins and Klifton have just finished twenty-two successful weeks on the Sullivan & Considine circuits in California, and will open on the Lubinski circuit, in Denver, Col.

George F. Carroll has joined Lillian Smith, but, owing to the illness of her mother, he was obliged to cancel thirty-five weeks in the West. The team will be known as Carroll and Doyle.

Musical Spragues, who are resting at their home at San Francisco, Cal., lost all their property, and are now living in a little shack, but will resume their vaudeville dates early in January.

There will be a magnificent double page in next week's GAZETTE entitled Champions of the Year, that will be worth having. Order from your newsdealer now and you will be sure to get the best issue of the best sporting paper in the world.

DeWitt Young, the "College Boy Juggler," recently appeared with the Jungle Imps Minstrels, at Columbus, O., and was given an ovation by over three hundred of his college chums from the Ohio State University.

Frank Mayne has secured the rights to "The Third Degree," the protean act in which William Courtleigh appeared last season, and will put it on shortly playing the seven roles, originated by Mr. Courtleigh.

E. E. Rice's production of the condensed version of "The Girl From Paris," with Joe Kane as Hans, and Ida Adams as Julie Bon Bon, assisted by twenty others, was shown for the first time at Keeney's Majestic Theatre, New Britain, Conn.

Walter Jones has in preparation an act that he will put on when he and Mabel Hite part company. The tramp character that brought Jones into prominence in 1892 will be introduced in the new sketch, which will employ six people.

Marks and Venner, who are with Blondin's Big Show, are meeting with big success, doing leading business and introducing their original vaudeville act for a curtain raiser, finishing with their Dixie Girl Sextette, supported by the entire company.

The Hudsons, Bert and Georgia, have joined the Dawson Concert Company, and report great success with their new sketch, entitled "An Angel's Visit." Charles Ross, the musical comedian, is also with this company, and is pleasing the people.

Billy Morris, late premier comedian with Haverly's Minstrels, and Bertha Sherwood, late of the Fay Foster Company, have joined hands, and will be known as Morris and Sherwood, refined blackface singing act. They are booked until March 1, 1907.

The Original Five Black Americans, Luke Pulley, Martha Pulley, McKissick, and Shadney and William H. Brown, are in vaudeville, playing the Poll circuit, and report making a big hit everywhere they appear. They have some good time booked.

Al Wade Phillips is no longer connected with the team known as Cooke and Phillips, blackface comedians, but is working an act of his own, consisting of jokes, dancing and parades. He has secured good booking through the Southern States and will work alone.

Cora Wells Proctor, wife of William Proctor, manager of the Opera House, New Brunswick, N. J., who is a well-known character woman, has recently been the recipient of numerous offers to return to the stage, and has finally accepted an engagement to play for Keith and Proctor.

Sam Shaw, comedian, announces that he has been made assistant manager of Woods & Nadler Amusement Company, also that business is good. The officers are: John R. Wood, manager; Sarah Nadler, treasurer, and Sam Shaw, assistant manager. Margaret Bennett is singing with the pictures.

Ranzetta and Lyman, who have joined hands with Bending Bonda, are doing one of the best comedy acrobatic three acts in the show business. They have new costumes throughout, and Miss Lyman dresses her part as a French lady, Mr. Bonda as a French gentleman, and Mr. Ranzetta in a very funny make-up.

Bobby Fields (formerly of the well-known team of Fields and Salina) and Maud Mason report meeting with big success through the West in Mr. Fields' original East Side singing and dancing act, "The Huckster and the Newsboy." They are booked solid until April. Next season Mr. Fields will add to the act a set of special scenery, with mechanical effects.

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THE HOT SPORT MAKES GOOD

No. 7.



"RED" was leaning up against the bar nursing a bum knuckle which had a bit of skin knocked off it. He didn't look at all cheerful and his hat was tilted at an aggressively rakish angle over his forehead. Red's hat was an indication of his feelings nine times out of ten. When it was well back on his head his mind was easy, and he was in his best humor. Placed firmly and squarely on top of his flaming head of hair he was in a business mood, and was prepared to argue to a standstill on any question from the weight limit of one of his fighters, or as to the disposition of a purse when he knew his

man had the big end cinched. Tipped forward as it was now, it said as plainly as though the word was written across the band, "Beware." It wasn't his hand that worried him so much, for he minded not such trifles as sprains, bruises nor abrasions. He had been too long in the game for that.

But it was his mind.

He could take a punch in the jaw and come back smiling for another one; the relentless fist of an opponent could pound the flesh over his kidneys in the hope of weakening him and bringing him down, but it couldn't erase that aggravating grin which had come to be almost famous.

He had his body under control, and his feelings—so far as physical pain went—were well in hand; but when it came to anything mental, then he was up in the air.

This time it was mental, hence the tilt of the derby and the look that wasn't inviting.

The first to notice him was Ross—Charlie Ross, actor, and all-around good fellow; your friend, my friend, everybody's friend; who knows the world and the men in it as we know the alphabet, and whose cheerful task in life it is to make smiles come to faces that have rarely smiled before.

"We need a drink, Red, you and I; me, because I haven't had one for twenty-four hours, and you because you're bilious. If you're not then you ought to be according to your face. What'll you have?" Then noticing the knuckle: "What's the matter—been losing weight?"

"I hit him in the teeth instead of the jaw."

"Ain't getting bad?"

"No; I lost my nut for a minute and didn't think. But four of his teeth are missing—front ones, too," and he smiled grimly at the thought. "I don't think his friends will see him for a couple of weeks, either. I ought to have taken a gun to him, but I never had the nerve to do anything like that. The best I can do is to punch. Charlie, I ain't no street fighter, you know that and everybody knows it, and I don't go around looking for trouble, but this fellow deserved all he got and more, too. You see, he shows up about three months ago with a nice little girl he'd nailed up in the country somewhere. He told me he married her in Jersey City, and that it was all right."

"You are not investigating the morals of people you meet on Broadway, are you, Red? If you are you've cut out for yourself the job of your life."

"Nix, nix, nothing like that. I don't care what goes on around here, but didn't I see this girl standing on the corner at two o'clock one morning crying, and didn't I ask what the matter was, and didn't she tell me she was waiting for him. She thought he sloped, you see, for he hadn't been home for two days, and I guess she didn't have nothing to eat since he went, for she was broke. She wouldn't let on to me, though, but I found it out, and I told her I'd find him if she'd wait until I got something to eat, because it was just my feeding time. That's how I got her into Shanley's. I knew all the time he was up against the game in Mike's where he'd been making a winning. She didn't want to order anything at first, but I guess the smell of the grub made her weaken, and the first thing I knew she was eating like a blacksmith at six o'clock. I bought her a pint of wine, too, and I guess it made her talk a bit, because she told me a lot of stuff about her folks at home that made me feel pretty rocky. You ain't never had anybody—any girl I mean—to tell you a bunch of stuff like that, have you, Charlie? Well, we sat there for two hours, and then I felt as if we'd been pals for a couple of years. You know how it is.

"Everything would have been all right if she had done as he wanted her to do, you know, help him graft on He wanted her to grab the come-ons for him and the

He Gets on the Job with a Few Punches that Are Not Knockouts, but They Relieve His Feelings.

BY IKE SWIFT.

gang, when she thought he was going to give her a wedding license and settle down somewhere in a nice little flat. He wasn't stuck on her only for a minute, and he was figuring on her as an asset in his business, I guess. He planted her in a leg show on Broadway and then put the Johnnies wise. She was to get next, take their invitations out to supper, and then bring them around to the joint afterwards to get the trimming. He played his end all right, but there was a hitch in hers, because she couldn't do that kind of stuff. Then he took to lacing her to bring her around, but there's some tarts that won't stand for a licking, and she was one of them. The more he handed it to her the more she stuck to it that she wouldn't be crooked.

"Just imagine a girl like that, Charlie, up against a

kill myself. Once I was going to jump off a ferry boat, and another time I was going to shoot myself, but he grabbed the pistol out of my hand and the last time I was going to jump out of a window. I think I was crazy, Red, now that I look back over it. It was at daybreak in the morning and the milk wagons were making noises that hurt my head. I got up and looked out. It was four stories to the ground, and everything was misty, like a frost over a brook on the first cold morning in the Fall, but through it all I could see the cobble stones, and they were all little faces, Red; little faces laughing at me, and pretty soon, from being faces they came to be men and women and children, and I thought I knew them all and that they knew the kind of a life I was leading and that they were taunting me,



THE BEGINNING AND END—TOLD IN THREE SHORT BUT GRAPHIC CHAPTERS.

guy like this duck. She'd never been fifty miles away from the old place up in Pennsylvania, and she was brought up to think that everybody was on the level, which is no way to bring a kid up nowadays, is it? Make 'em wise, I say. Put 'em next to all the crooked tricks and show them which is wrong and which is right. That gives them a chance for the white alley, anyhow.

"She told me that when she was half starved and black and blue, she weakened, because she thought she was going to die, and she didn't care what happened to her. Talk about your tough deals, I guess that's one of them. For the week she was in that frame of mind he broke her into the badger game.

"When she got that far I had to order another pint, because I was losing my nerve, and while she was talking I was thinking of some good excuse to get away and break the face of the guy who was the cause of it. But the chance didn't come then.

"Three times that week," she says. "I was going to

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But there was one face there that didn't smile. It was my father's. He just looked sad, and was as I saw him before he died. I was afraid of all those other people, but I knew if I was with him I would be all right, and the only way to get to him seemed to be to jump. I was crawling out of the window then and had my knee on the stone sill when Jack came in the room, pulled me back, and hit me on the side of the head with his fist. I was insane, Red, and I know now how it is that folks kill themselves. There's always something that tells them to—sometimes it's a voice calling and sometimes it's a face they see, and then again someone beckons them on."

"Wouldn't that drive you nutty, Charlie? She told me that she refused to make good on any kind of a crooked game from that time on, and she often wished that something would happen that would kill her. She got over the crazy streak, see, and she wanted to die natural. I guess all those suicides must be bugs from what she told me.

"Well, sis," I says to her, "Here is where I butt in the game. I don't know what the car fare is to the place where you belong, but you can't live any further away than 'Frisco, and I've got enough to stake you to a ride there and have the price of my cakes in the morn-

ing, so you're on. Make the break right now and I'll stick until the conductor gives the all aboard password."

"But how can I repay you?" she asks.

"It's a pipe," I told her; "Just wave your hand to me out of the window as she's pulling out; that's pay enough for any sporting man that's on the level."

"I staked the waiter and was forgiving her the hurry-up out of the place, for all that stuff she'd been telling me got me kind of dopey and I needed the fresh air."

"Don't bother about your togs or anything," I said, "we'll just slope right along. You stand here till I cop out one of those benzine buggies, and then we'll move fast."

"I give one of them who was about half a block away the wave and he starts up. I walked towards him so as give him the directions to the station, and when I got half way to the curb I happened to screw my nut, and there was Jack talking to her, with his hand on her arm. I went back quick, you can bet on that."

"Come on," I says to her, "here's the wagon."

"She'll go nowhere with you; what are you butting in here for?" he asks, in that fresh way he has.

"She's on her way to the home joint," I says, "and I'm sending her along, for the city air is bad for her constitution."

"You wasn't going to leave me like that, was you, Alice?" he says, leaning towards her.

"His head was just right for me to cop him one, if it had been made to order it couldn't have been better. I was wondering whether I would or not and he was whispering to her, when she says:

"I think I'd better go with Jack, Red; he's promised to do better."

"Say, talk about your knockout drops, if that wasn't one you can call me anything you like. I stood there like a dead one while they walked away together just like old pals. Yet I couldn't blame her, because I could see she was plumb stuck on him, and I don't think she knew what she was doing when he was around. There was something about him that must have got her going every time. Hypnotism? Yes, I guess that's it, but the right name for it ought to be slow poison if it's like that all the time."

Red stopped talking for a minute and looked at his skinned knuckle reflectively.

"What happened there?" asked Ross, pointing to it.

"Four of his teeth—front ones, too," said Red, fiercely. "I saw one of the girls this morning and she had a bunch of flowers.

"Going to a wedding or a christening?" I asks, thinking I was kidding her.

"No," she says, "they're for Alice."

"She went down to an undertaker's shop on Sixth avenue and I went down with her. I ain't stuck on any such things as that, but something made me go, and I went. There wasn't no funny faces looking at me or nothing like that, but something inside here," and he tapped his chest, "made me go and I was sucker enough to make good. Alice was there all right, and she was going home at last, but not the way I wanted her to go. Let's have a drink, Charlie, I'm near dead for a ball, for I ain't had a drink for twenty minutes. What'll you have? Mine's whiskey."

"But the punch?"

"He got it. It's a good thing I don't carry a gun. I hunted for him all day and didn't find him until about an hour ago.

"I was down there," I says.

"Down where?" he asked.

"To the undertaker's. I didn't see any flowers with your name on them."

"No, nor you won't. To hell with dead ones; it's the live ones I'm after."

"Then he got it, and he got it good. He hollered and squealed every time I hit him, and that made me feel good for a minute. I could have put him out with the first punch, but I wanted to cut him up."

Red's lips parted in a snarl, and his white teeth gleamed like those of an animal.

"I cut him up good and plenty and it will be three days before he can open his eyes. He ought to be out in about ten days, and then" he rubbed his chin reflectively, "I'll give it to him again. Every time I see him I'll give it to him as long as he stays in this town. He's crooked, so he can't put in no rap against me, and I hope he'll stay here a long time. Plain whiskey, Bill, with a dash of absinthe."

Ike Swift.

Ike Swift's new book, "Sketches of Gotham," is now ready, and if you want the crack-a-jack of the year you had better send for it now. The price is \$1, but it's worth about double. Postage 12 cents extra, or your newsdealer can get it for you.



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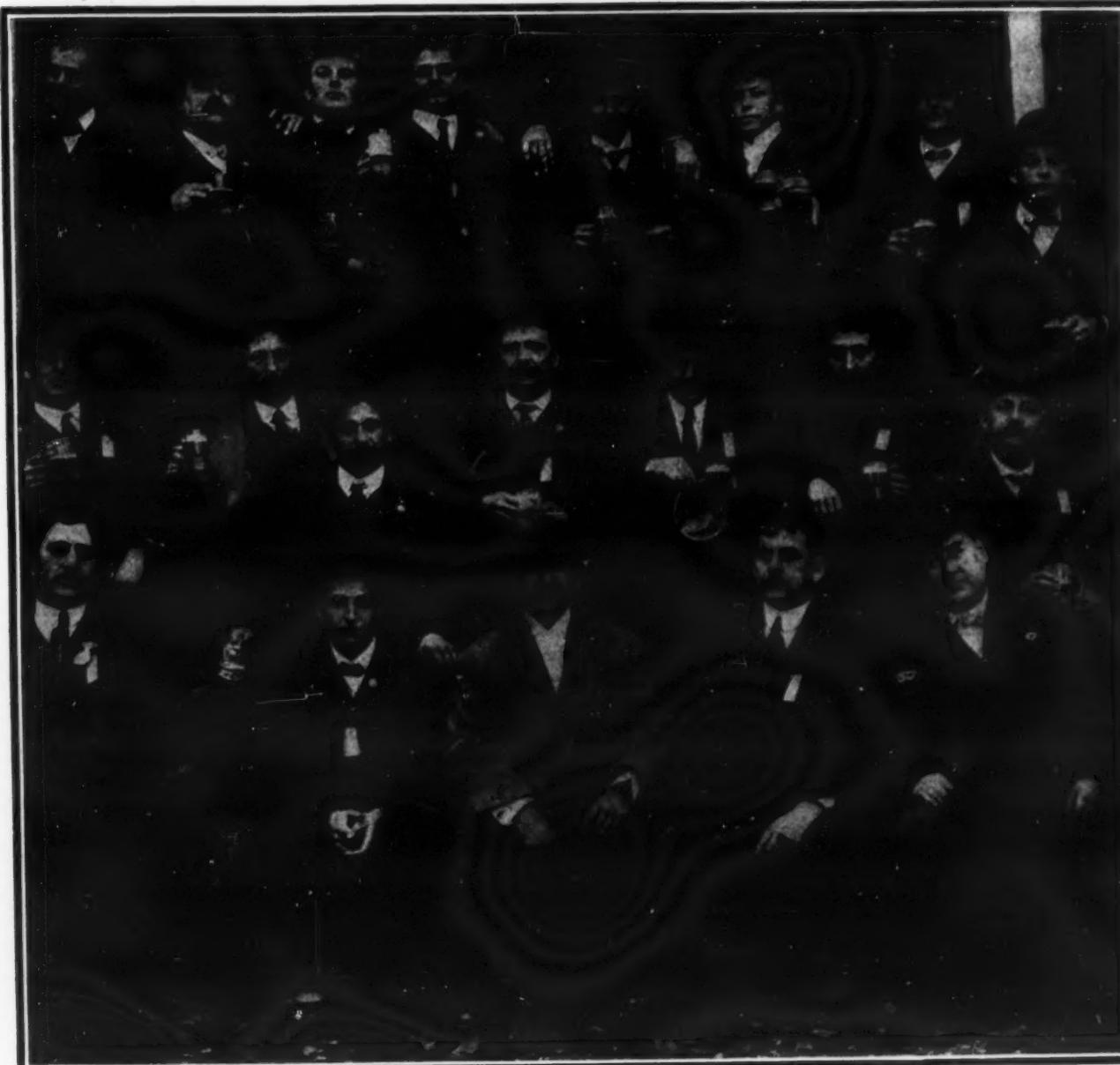
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THE TURF INVESTMENT SCHEME IS A WONDER

There are Men who Make it a Business to Fatten on the Purses of Other Men and, in Many Cases, Gullible Women Looking for Husbands.

A farmer from Indiana, with much curiosity and a fat wad of currency, saw a man mysteriously operating a small and curious electric device at Dearborn and Van Buren streets, Chicago, and because the stranger acted as though he did not wish to attract attention to his movements the lynx-eyed agriculturist determined to discover the secret. After failing through observation, the man from Indiana approached the owner of the mysterious device. The latter was indignant and said some things about buttskins from the rural districts.

Finally he softened and confided to the farmer that the device was a wireless telegraph apparatus and that at the moment he butted in he was getting advance crop reports from the Dakotas. The farmer would excuse him, said the wireless operator, for he had to hurry to the Board of Trade to buy wheat on the strength of the advance information. The agriculturist followed, saw the owner of the wireless write a check for a large amount in a broker's office and the two became chatty.

The Indianan wanted to buy the apparatus outright, but as it was valued at millions by the owner there was no sale. It was agreed, however, because the visitor was a good fellow and had won the operator's esteem, that he should have the Indiana State rights to the use of a similar apparatus for \$400. The money was paid and the farmer returned to his home. Two days later he came back to tell the Harrison street police that when he tried to hitch up with Wall street by the aid of the wireless machine to steal some of the financial secrets of Henry H. Rogers and others the thing would not work. He wanted the police to find the man he bought it from and get his \$400 back.

The other day a visitor to the fat stock show was allowed to hold a \$1,000 bill as security for a loan of \$20 to an affable and busy stranger who forgot to come back after the \$1,000 bill, which was so poor a counterfeit that it never would be given a place in an exhibit of coney money. These incidents have a touch of antiquity that renders them almost interesting.

The present day bunco man will have none of such coarse methods. For him the velvet carpet, mahogany furniture, engraved stationery and victims by the hundred. What persuasive talking formerly did persuasive writing now does. It is easier and entails less danger of a jail sentence to sell a man \$1,000 of beautifully engraved securities than to get him to bet \$1,000 on his ability to select the shell that covers the little pea. So the bunco art has been modernized, polished, disguised and thereby rendered more effective. But it is the same old art.

In a report recently made to Chief Collins of Chicago, Detective Wooldridge, who for eight years has been detailed to the work of preventing the people from giving their money to the get-rich-quick operators by arresting them, estimates that the people of Chicago and vicinity have contributed not less than \$65,000 to the men who make it their business to separate the gullible public from its hard-earned money.

Among the first of the get-rich-quick schemes into which the public poured millions was the turf investment concern. The literature of probably no other class of swindle was so plausible as this. The promise was to pay 5, and in some cases, 10 per cent, on the investment each week. The method by which the promise was to be fulfilled was this: The money invested was to be placed in a pool and used as capital in playing the races. A standard bet of a certain amount was to be made. If this wager was lost enough money out of the pool was to be bet on the horse picked by the managers of the concern in the next race to recoup the loss on the first race, win the amount set out to win on the first race, together with a like amount on the second race. If this wager was lost the process was to be repeated on the next race and so on until a wager was won. Each time there was a winning a large enough sum would have been bet to recoup all losses on previous races and win a fixed amount on each of the races played. Some concerns claimed to play the favorite horses in the betting, others the second choices to win and others to bet according to inside information derived from horse owners and jockeys.

Regardless of the variations of this scheme, the general plan was the same. The prospectus, in a most plausible way, set forth the claim that beating the races was merely a matter of having a large enough capital at hand to continue the progressive betting plan. By the claim that horse racing was an legitimate a calling as dealing on the board of trade, or stock exchange, and possessed the additional advantage of being open to persons of small means, a strong appeal was made to the poor.

Millions of dollars flowed into the coffers of the get-rich-quick men. E. J. Arnold was responsible for the statement that during his career as a turf investment magnate he handled more than \$20,000,000. Interest on old investments was paid out of the new and for a year the fever raged. One Chicago concern of this kind received more than \$2,125,000 from the City of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, alone. The favorite method of the operators was to interest one man in each community, and

becomes interested in any of the descriptions is made to pay a fee for more detailed information and alleged record of the financial circumstances of the person. There is sometimes an additional fee for a photograph. This picture may or may not be one of the person described, but that matters little. Almost any old photograph will serve the purpose. In all the raids made on matrimonial bureaus collections of photographs have been found.

Professional bigamists have been shown to work in collusion with managers of matrimonial bureaus in securing women victims with money. In these cases there often follows a marriage, a quick desertion and a continued search for more lonesome women with money. In 1908 John J. Marietta, alias Homer C. Reid; Harold C. Mills, A. S. Anderson, C. H. Huston, C. B. McCoy, H. C. Jones, Harold C. Reed and Homer C. Reid were arrested in Chicago after Laura E. Stickler, an Ohio girl, who boarded at the Young Women's Christian Association, had leaped from the second-story window in the Newport Hotel to escape the attentions of Marietta, who had lured her to the place.

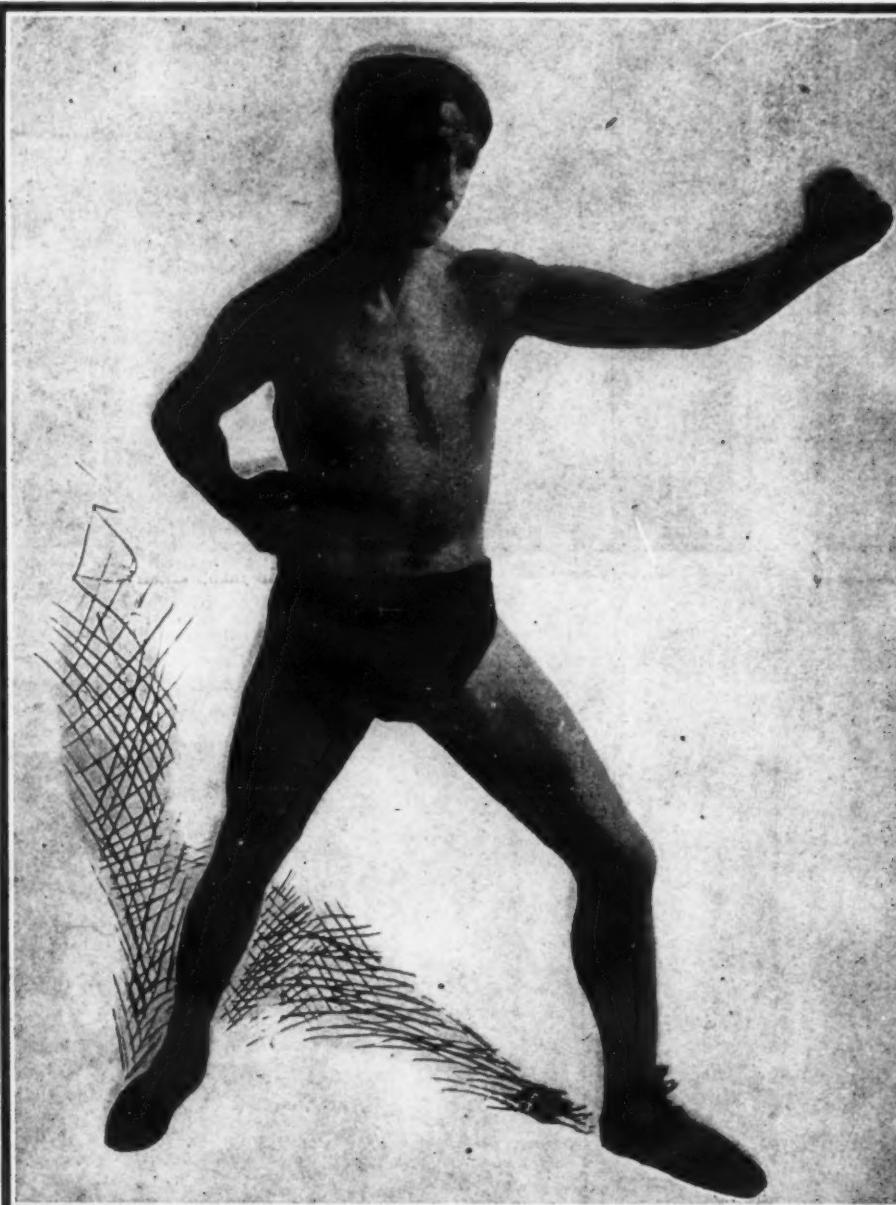
The tragedy uncovered Marietta's history, and it was found he had married six women previous to the incident that brought him to justice. He confessed that he secured most of his victims through marriage bureaus. Sophia Headley, one of his victims, during the trial, as a result of which Marietta was sentenced to serve five years in Joliet, recounted this incident as illustrating a matrimonial bureau courtship:

After the second meeting Marietta asked: "How anxious are you to marry me? Make me an offer in cash of the sum you are willing to settle on me."

"Three thousand dollars," said Miss Headley. "All right," said Marietta. "But, you know, I'm from Missouri and you will have to show me."

The woman gave him \$3,000 in cash and the marriage followed; also the desertion.

At the time Marietta was convicted he had \$25,000 in a bank which he is said to have procured in this way.



FRANK ADAMS.

A Scientific Featherweight Boxer of Newton, Mass., who is a Comer and who Challenges any 122-Pound Boy in the Business.

is that this phase of the matter seemed never to occur to the investors, and the only palpably impossible phases of the operator's claims were also overlooked in the mad effort to secure 200 per cent a year on the investment made.

The matrimonial bureaus that have been investigated and suppressed by the police have disclosed an almost incredible phase of woman nature. Mrs. Charlotte Smith, president of the Woman's International Rescue League, is authority for the statement that "there are to-day in the United States no less than 50,000 women who have been married, robbed and deserted by professional bigamists." This fact represents the most serious phase of the matrimonial bureau swindle, for it is the history of nearly all noted bigamists that they secured their victims through the initial agency of the matrimonial bureau. Of the thousands who become subscribers to these bureaus, however, comparatively few ever proceed far enough to encounter the tragedy features of the swindle.

The usual beginning is a small subscription fee paid for a matrimonial paper. This paper contains alleged descriptions of men and women, principally the latter, who are claimed by the publisher to be seeking wives or husbands through the bureau. The subscriber who

WHEN YOU PLAY CARDS

Play according to the new revised Hoyle, then you are sure to play correctly. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra. This office,

hooking new suckers consisted in sending to a prospective victim a check for \$100, made payable to some other man, and accompanied by a brief letter telling that recipient would find inclosed his weekly dividend on his investment of \$1,000. Of course the marked sucker knew nothing of the deal, and believing a mistake had been made, would return the check and letter. He at once received in reply an apologetic letter, stating that the first letter and check had been inserted in the wrong envelope through the carelessness of a clerk, it having been the intention to mail to the recipient a circular instead of another man's check for dividends. It was enough. Ten per cent a week was not to be resisted. The sucker almost invariably opened negotiations on his own initiative and was landed.

The worthless mortgage swindle required more time than many others, but has been a good producer of revenue. This scheme is illustrated by the operations of an alleged doctor and his accomplices who ran foul of the police. "The doctor" went to a neighboring State and got a deed to several hundred acres of land, part of which was under water. To each piece bought a bogus mortgage was executed and recorded in the proper county. He then came to Chicago and pretended to manufacture surgical instruments. By padded statements, "fake" references and much patience he built up a \$25,000 rating with a commercial agency. Then the bogus mortgages were placed on the market by his agents and soon after the promoter of the scheme left the city with \$25,000 in real money.

Chicago has been the home of the "wild-cat" fire insurance swindle for years. An impossible title, a list of underwriters whose names were fictitious or were used by consent for a consideration, or who were parties to the swindle, and an imposing office equipment and stationery were the beginning. The advertised assets of \$316,267 of one of the promoters, when cornered, to be actually worth as much as \$6 or maybe \$10, depending on the particular use one had for them. Deacon Lowell, a distinguished appearing man of 63, sentenced to Joliet for fraud, was the dean of the local college for wild-catters. His associate, Cowen, said of the deacon:

"We used to go to his church for prayer meeting and then we'd go home and sit up the rest of the night fixing schemes to skin people out of their money. The deacon was a wrecker from Wreckville and a master in the art of playing both ends against the middle. But as a church he was a shiner."

The fake employment agency is a form of confidence work most vicious and pathetic in its result, as the suckers in the game are always persons of small means and seeking honest work instead of something for nothing. The stage-struck young woman or man is the easiest mark in this line, and the number of agencies that live on their promises to get stage positions for applicants is large. The attempted arrest of the manager of a loan concern, which resulted in his jumping from a fifth story window and killing himself revealed the method employed in this line of confidence work. The concern sold contracts and claimed to make loans to contract holders to assist them in buying homes. The contracts were issued in consecutive numbers and the investor had to continue payments until his number was reached. It was a nice plan, as advertised, but had the slight defect of being arranged so that the company would go out of business before the contracts matured.

There is under indictment now a clique of men who advertised for travelling agents to appoint a given number of sub-agents to sell goods that in reality were unmarketable. Cash deposits of from \$25 to \$2,000 were required and on the failure of the depositors to appoint the required number of sub-agents their deposits were forfeited to the company.

It is probable that more money is taken from the pockets of the people every year by means of swindles which cannot be reached by the law than by those that can. A man that sells \$500,000 in stock in a hole in the ground in the far West under the pretense of promoting a mine must violate specific sections of the criminal code before he can be reached. In such cases the success of the plan depends on the ability of the promoter to convince the suckers that millions are to be made out of a prospect for which no mining expert would pay a dollar. False reports by alleged experts are cheaply bought. Each investment is usually so small that the one making it will not throw good money after bad to expose the promoters, and so the gold brick industry prospers.

Not so very long ago a gentleman con man who operated on the upper floor of a Clark street museum, in Chicago, installed a small table surrounded by a light frame upon which was suspended a small wooden ball by a string. In the middle of the table stood a conical wooden pin. The trick was to swing the ball so that it would knock down the pin on the return swing. The operator could do it every time, and it looked so easy as to be childish. On a bench behind the layout always stood a bucket filled with cold water.

"What is the bucket of water for?" asked the writer of the easy-money magnate during his leisure period.

"We always keep that water handy to revive the players," said the gentlemanly con man. "Lots of times the farmers who have bet their last ten-spot and their railroad ticket on being able to knock the pin down, faint when it don't fall, and there's nothing like a little cold water in the face to bring 'em to."

The book "Sketches of Gotham," by Ike Swift, is the most interesting volume I have ever read, and cannot fail to have a great sale.

W. M. Storrs,
Proprietor The Feathered Warrior,
Lisle, N. Y.

LYNCH DEFEATED FLANAGAN.

Johnny Lynch got the decision over Tommy Flanagan in the main bout at Southbridge, Mass., on Nov. 29. In the preliminaries LeMoine, of Webster, put Butcher Howe, of Cambridge, away in the first round. Murray, of Cambridge, disposed of Kid Barry in two rounds and Jack Williams got the decision over Kid Holt, of South Carolina, in six rounds.

PUGILISTS AND WRESTLERS

Looking for matches should send their pictures and challenges to this office and they will be given special attention.

BATTING NELSON'S

—ANOTHER ONE—

FIRST TRY AT THE GAME

The Latest is that He Broke into the Fighting Game by Way of the Barrel Route.

SOME PUGILISTIC ENCOUNTERS OF THE WEEK

Gleason and Carter Fight a Draw—The Sponge for Dick Sullivan—Young Otto Knocked out Jack Sinnott Twice in one Fight.

There are many stories floating around relative to Battling Nelson's first fight, and while they all make interesting reading it is doubtful if any of them are correct.

Here is one of the latest, and it may be added with the rest of the pugilistic romances—or believed, as the case may be. This one was sprung in St. Paul, Minn., when the Battling One appeared at the Star Theatre. He took on two men that night, Billy Conley, of St. Paul, for three rounds, and Kid Edinburg, of Milwaukee. He didn't extend himself any, and so both contests were simply exhibition.

After the show he was a guest of the local lodge of Eagles, and it was there that someone asked him about his first fight, and this is what he is supposed to have told; it may be all right at that.

He got his first experience in Hammond, Ind., on Sept. 3, 1896, just ten years to a day before the fight with Gans at Goldfield, Nev.

It was at an entertainment in the town and a big bruiser offered to meet anybody in the town in a barrel fight. Each of the fighters was to stand inside a barrel and give and take as best he could. The munifi-

more, and Nelson put over another wallop that ended the contest.

He then crawled out of the barrel and at once asked for his dollar.

He was told to go to the box office and get it. But at the box office he was laughed at and sent back to the stage. By the time he got through looking for a man who would hand him his dollar the thre atre was deserted and Nelson was not only out his dollar, but the man who had taken his coat and vest had vanished.

But he went home to his mother very sorrowfully, and not over-confident.

When his good mother saw the youngster come into the house with nothing on but a cap and a pair of pants, she wanted to know.

"I kind o' looked to get a good poke, but I made up my mind to tell the truth, and I told her just what happened. She looked doubtful for a time, but finally said she was proud of me, and I got off without even a scolding. But I never got over losing that dollar. I certainly won it fairly, and it would have looked good and big to me at that time. I didn't mind losing the coat and vest, but the dollar was a sore spot for a long time."

IN PHILADELPHIA.

The all-star show of the National A. C., at Philadelphia, on Dec. 1, drew another crowded house, although it was the second given during the week.

The principals in the last event were Grover Hayes, of Chicago, and Johnny Dwyer, of Perth Amboy. As was expected, a very fast bout resulted. They had hardly come together when Dwyer crossed his right to the jaw and Grover went down. Up at once, Grover mixed it in great shape, but Dwyer landed the best and cleanest blows, earning the first round. Dwyer opened up the second round in fast shape, and they went to another mix-up; Dwyer outpunching Hayes. Grover got in some straight ones to the face and body and improved as the bout went on. This round was even. In the third round Grover got in several rights and lefts to Johnny's face, forcing Dwyer to the ropes. They mixed it and Dwyer again got fast. They exchanged blows to the face and body and Grover got a bit wild. Dwyer's round, who came fast at the end. Grover got in some more straight ones in the fourth round, and they exchanged hard ones to the jaw, these exchanges being very fast, with Dwyer excelling. Tols also was Dwyer's round. In the early part of the fifth round the going was very slow, but they went into a vicious mix-up, both slaming each other good and hard. They went into another mix-up before the bell rang. Grover had a shade the better of this round. The final round was full of hard swaps. It was a hard fought contest with honors even. In the other bouts Tommy Stone had a shade over Tommy O'Keefe, and Indian Joe Gregg bested Kid Williams.

WAS A DRAW.

Kid Gleason, of Massachusetts, and Eddie Carter, of Germantown, Pa., fought a six-round draw at the Wayne Athletic Club, at Germantown, Pa., on Dec. 5.

The going was somewhat slow in the opening round, Gleason being a bit wild, but they warmed up to their work as the bout progressed, and in the second round some lively exchanges came off. Carter had several opportunities to get in some telling blows in this round, but beyond forcing Gleason to the ropes, he failed to inflict any serious damage upon his opponent.

Both boys put on an extra spurt in the fourth round, and in the mixups that resulted Carter came out on top, but Gleason evened things up before the round was

A GOOD BARTENDER

Ought to have the NEW Hoffman House Bartender's Guide, because it will keep him posted on up-to-date drinks. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra.

over. The milling in the last three minutes was fast and furious, first one being in the lead and then the other. It was a good draw.

In the semi-windup Jack Reardon administered such a lacing to Young Karl, of Germantown, that the latter's seconds threw up the sponge in the third round.

SECONDS SAVED SULLIVAN.

Dick Sullivan, of Bristol, was defeated by Jerry Dohen, of New York, from a private club at New Britain, Conn., on Dec. 3, in nine rounds. When the gong sounded at the close of the ninth Sullivan was on the floor, a beaten man, and Patsy Dailey, his chief second, seeing that he did not have a chance with the minute's rest that was due him, threw up the sponge.

In the fifth round Dohen put Sullivan down with a left hook on the jaw. He worked hard to finish the job in the sixth, but, though he landed many times with both hands on the body and face, Sullivan was on his feet fighting when the gong sounded. In the seventh and eighth rounds Dohen simply made a mark of Sullivan, and the latter was in a bad way.

When the bell rang in the ninth, Dohen continued bunting away with both hands. After a minute and a half, he put Sullivan to the floor with a left to the wind. He got up at the count of nine, but was barely able to defend himself. He was again sent down by a right to the jaw, and was on the floor when the bell sounded. The fight was to have gone twenty rounds for a purse put up by local sports.

OTTO STILL HAS THE PUNCH.

Young Otto demonstrated at the session of the Long Acre Club, at New York, on Dec. 7, that he still has the knockout wallop. For the edification of the members of the club he put Jack Sinnott away in the second round of what was to have been a three-round exhibition.

Sinnott was not altogether satisfied and insisted that he be given an opportunity to fight the other round, and Otto promptly put him away again.

The manner in which this youngster has been going along for some time now makes it appear that there is a chance for him among the top-notchers, and an effort is being made to secure him a match of more importance than any that could be held in New York.

In all there were six contests during the session, and each was a slashing good one. For a wind-up there was a six-round go between Howard Smith and Kid Stinger, of Philadelphia.

For five rounds the Kid did most of the work, when Smith came back with a rally in the last round and about evened up matters. On several occasions during the bout Referee Pollok cautioned Stinger for hitting low.

Johnny Moran had rather the better of Owney Flynn in six rounds of fast fighting, and this was the semi-windup of the affair.

PARKER WON ON FOULS.

Wrestler Harvey Parker met Carl Busch, the German heavyweight wrestler, on the mat at the Columbia Theatre, Boston, Mass., recently, winning two falls, both on fouls.

Busch is a big, strong fellow and must have weighed at least 25 pounds more than Parker. He was repeatedly cautioned by the referee for smashing Parker on the ribs, neck and head with his closed hands. At other times he acted as if he was going to do an acrobatic stunt.

After 40 minutes the referee declared Parker the winner of the first fall on a foul. Busch made a strong protest against the decision, and it required considerable coaxing to get him to go on again.

After wrestling 15 minutes Busch, while Parker was trying to turn him over with the leg hold, accidentally got a hammer lock on Parker and won the second fall.

Busch thereafter did nothing but push Parker off the mat, frequently wallowing Parker with the right on the head and ribs. Busch paid no heed to cautions from the referee, and after 10 minutes Parker was declared the winner of the fall on a foul.

Next week—Great double page of the champions of the year. This will be a most interesting number, and well worth the consideration of every sporting man in the world.

KEYSTONE A. C. BOUTS.

The opening show of the Keystone A. C., at Philadelphia, on Dec. 3, under the management of Elwood McCloskey, was not the success the veteran boxer anticipated. Elwood was game at that, despite the poor attendance and he put on all the bouts as advertised with the exception of the semi-windup, for which event Young Kilpatrick failed to appear. Tommy Feitz was on hand, indeed Tommy had passed up a lucrative offer in Baltimore, so that he might make good with McCloskey.

The boxing in the four bouts that were presented was very good, in fact most of them were stubbornly contested and, taking the evening's entertainment on the whole, better boxing was never seen at this club. In the first bout, Eddie Burke defeated Kid Smith, in six rounds. Burke used his left cleverly in the last round, sending it frequently to Smith's face. Eddie Wallace outpointed Young Kid Broad, of Southwark. At one time this pair got into a mixup and they both fell through the ropes out on to the floor. In the third bout Terry Fitzgerald, of Brooklyn, and Willie Lucas, finished a six-round go that was red hot from start to finish. At times the little fellows mixed it up fiercely and they got the house quite excited during the scrap. It was a rattling good bout with Lucas a shade in front at the finish. The last bout was between B. Clark and Eddie Chambers. Clark won.

MISS MABEL WILBUR.

[WITH SUPPLEMENT.]

Miss Mabel Wilbur, whose portrait is the supplement with this issue, is one of the most charming and talented young women before the public at the present time.

She has appeared during her theatrical career in many roles, but none more acceptable than the one in which she now appears.

It is very likely that before long she will be seen in her own company.

CHALLENGES

[The challenge editor will be pleased to publish all legitimate challenges in all sports, such as boxing, wrestling, skating, bowling, swimming, bicycling, walking, running, jumping, etc., etc.]

Charles St. Clair issues a challenge to meet any of the light heavyweights in the East.

Murray S. Rulder, of 106 Rivington street, New York City, is an expert harmonica player, and wants to try his skill.

Harry Wallace, of Sioux Falls, S. D., with a record of twenty-six victories and no defeats, will



Mlle. Nara.

Famous Champion Woman Fire Eater and Sword Walker who Challenges Anyone.

shortly come East, ready to meet anyone from 142 to 160 pounds. Wallace intends to seek new laurels by going after Jack Dougherty and Cy Flynn.

Walter Little, of the Athenian A. C., Chicago, Ill., challenges any featherweight boxer to meet him for a side bet.

Charley Neary, of Milwaukee, Wis., is a clever boxer, and he hereby issues a challenge to any man who can make the weight.

Mlle. Nara, of 2537 South Hicks street, Philadelphia, Pa., challenges any woman to meet her in a fire-eating or sword-walking contest.

Art Baker of 397 Genesee street, Buffalo, N. Y., would like to meet Tom Hoy in a wrestling match, or any 148-pound man in the country.

The sporting editor has received a letter from Joe McGinnies, of Evansville, Ind., who says he will oblige Bert Keyes, of New York, with a match.

George O. Almy, sporting editor of the Boston Traveller, will match Frank Adams, of Newton, Mass., against any 122-pound white boy in the country.

Corporal James Reilly, of the Ninetieth Company, Coast Artillery, stationed at Fort McKinley, Portland, Me., challenges anyone in the army to compete with him as a batsman.

United States Marshal George Mulberry, of Trinidad, Col., will back Wallace Castle (colored) against any boxer in the country at 148 pounds. This is real money and the POLICE GAZETTE will hold the stakes.

There is a chance for Young Muldoon to clinch a match with Young Sullivan, a 125-pound mat artist, who writes to the sporting editor that he would like to meet the New Yorker at 125 pounds, Greco-Roman style.

In answer to the challenge of Charles Marotta, of Cleveland, O., I make this reply: As representative of Chic Lawson, featherweight champion of America, Lawson will meet Marotta at 165 pounds ring-side, to defend his title and for a side bet of not less than \$200. If Marotta means business any forfeit which he may post with the POLICE GAZETTE will be quickly covered.—G. H. Waite, Naugatuck, Conn.

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By practicing the exercises in Prof. Ittmann's book on Physical Culture and Breathing. Profusely illustrated. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra. This office.



MORRIS JENSEN.

An Enthusiastic Sportsman of Rahway, N. J., and His Two Seventy-Pound Racoons.

cent prize of one dollar was offered to the one who would go on with the visitor. No one would volunteer, and Young Nelson, who was then but 14, offered to take a try. The manager at first refused to take him because of his youth and size.

"Can you box?" asked the manager.

"I never done any boxing, but I can lick most of the kids around here," said Nelson.

Finally the manager accepted him and he was told to peel off his coat and vest.

When he was put in the barrel the rim came up to his armpits, he was so small.

But he hit out with a vengeance and the first blow he landed dropped the other fighter in his barrel in a tumbled up heap. He revived and came back for

The Handsomest Book on the Subject Ever Printed. POKER, HOW TO WIN. Bound in Cloth, 53c. in Stamps



JACK ON THE JOB.

HE'S A HANDY MAN WITH THE SAIL NEEDLE AS A RULE, AND HERE HE IS INDUSTRIOUSLY AT WORK MAKING AWNINGS FOR ONE OF UNCLE SAM'S DANDY MEN-OF-WAR.



A MORNING AT DRILL.

THE AMERICAN SAILOR HAS TO HAVE SOMETHING TO DO TO KEEP HIM BUSY, AND SO HE GETS THIS A COUPLE OF TIMES A DAY—HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE ONE OF THEM?



DOING A TOUGH STUNT.

REGULARS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY BEING PUT THROUGH A MOST DIFFICULT COURSE OF WALL SCALING EXERCISES AT FORTRESS MONROE, VA.

M'GOVERN GOES INSANE

-CLOSE OF A MARVELOUS CAREER IN THE PRIZE RING-

BOUT WITH CORBETT OFF

P. Jack O'Brien Dodges Another Fight with Tommy Burns
and Latter may Meet Big Jack Johnson.

JOE GANS DISPUTES HONEY MELLODY'S TITLE CLAIM

Tommy Ryan Quits the Game---Joe Walcott Unable to Fight Again---Freddie Welch Is Clever---Small Talk in Pugilistic Circles.

Owing to Terry McGovern's illness and his consequent inability to meet Young Corbett, it is more than probable that Tommy Murphy, of Harlem, will be substituted for the former in the match to take place before the National A. C., of Philadelphia, in January. Harry Pollok, who looks after the interests of Young Corbett, has practically agreed to the terms, and all that is wanting is the arrangement of some minor details.

This match will necessarily be at catch weights, for while Murphy is well under the 130-pound mark, Corbett is surely over 135. John Oliver, who manages Murphy, was well satisfied with a catch-weight clause in order to give the little fighter a chance at the former champion, and said that he would not attempt to place any weight limit on Young Corbett.

The club was represented by Harry Edwards, who said that his building could hold \$6,000 with ordinary prices prevailing.

During the talk of the match Joe Humphreys, who manages McGovern, said that he had declared off the McGovern-Corbett match on account of the condition of the little Brooklyn fighter.

Looks to me as if Philadelphia O'Brien were preparing to dodge another possible meeting with Tommy Burns. There isn't anybody cleverer than the Philadelphian when it comes to framing up things for himself, and I think he is due to duck across the pond for some easy money in preference to a possibility of having to go against the game that Burns would probably give him should they meet again. O'Brien was around Los Angeles the other day showing a letter which he had received from London in which he was asked to accept an offer of a \$5,000 purse to fight Gunner Moir, the English heavyweight champion, for the world's championship. The offer stipulated that the fight would be staged in April.

By way of reply, O'Brien accepted the proposition to fight Moir, but suggested that the purse was too small by one hundred per cent, and that he could not fight for less than a \$10,000 purse. When asked if he made his acceptance conditional upon winning from Burns, he smiled and replied: "A mere formality, I assure you. Dissipate the possibility that I may lose, and get a swell bet down on me if we fight again."

Some students of form would "copper" this tip.

While Honey Melody may be right in his assumption of the title of welterweight champion by virtue of his conquest over Joe Walcott, but before he will receive due recognition from the sporting fraternity Melody will have to fight the phenomenal Joe Gans for the title. While an attempt is being made to match Nelson and Gans again, which may not be successful for some time yet, it might be of more interest to ring followers to arrange a battle between Melody and Gans to settle a much mooted question. Gans can fight at 138 pounds, his best weight. It would be nothing for him to concede four pounds to Melody, who would scale at the welterweight limit.

Tommy Ryan has passed up the game and declares he will never enter the ring again. With his retirement goes the last of the great fighters who flourished a decade ago.

Ryan has beaten all the good welter and middleweights of his time. He was never a heavy middleweight, and could make the welterweight limit easily enough at one time.

Ryan was the first of the fighters to show real astuteness as a matchmaker, says Spider Kelly, who frequently seconded him in his fights. Tommy seldom got the worst of the conditions. He was too foxy for that.

He probably helped more fighters who needed the money than any man in the ring. Ryan would not give them money, but he always gave them a chance to make money by giving them matches, and he was never niggardly in the division of receipts. He gave more fighters a chance to make money than any man in the ring to-day, and he did not make the conditions very hard on his opponents.

Tommy is the man who is responsible for the Jeffries crouch. He taught the big fellow the advantage of the lowered position both as a defensive and offensive measure, and that style of Jeff's did much to bring him all his ring renown.

Without a doubt, Tommy Ryan was at his best a peerless, game, scientific, cool fighter, and it is doubtful if the world will ever again behold his like for his poundage.

Joe Walcott, the once famous "Black Demon," has passed into the discards and it is doubtful if he ever again graces the interior of a roped arena with his fantastic presence. Another accident to an injured arm makes him an uncertainistic proposition, and he has shown his good sense in declaring his intention to fight no more.

Walcott has been boxing since 1890, and never sustained a knockout, according to his late manager, Billy Pierce. He lost a few weeks ago to Honey Melody, on a decision, but believed he could win if he was in shape. He trained faithfully and well, but the old power of recuperation was missing, and when he tired he had no reserve power to draw on between rounds.

of ring affairs, inasmuch as it has been common gossip for some time that O'Brien has preferred easy marks to first-class opponents. Neither O'Brien nor Burns for that matter would have a ghost of a chance with Jeffries, who stands alone as the greatest heavyweight pugilist in the world.

England has sent us a clever young fighter in the person of Freddie Welch, who showed his quality in Philadelphia the other night by outpointing Willie Moody, a good local lad, in a six round try-out. Moody, who is a rugged little fellow, rushed his opponent every round and firmly held his own for three rounds, giving the slower Englishman a hard fight. At the commencement of the third round Moody rushed again, but Welch easily sidestepped, then jabbed his left to the face. They mixed and Welch was boxing very fast. In the fourth the Englishman showed the crowd how fast and clever he was, for he gave a great exhibition at infighting. Moody rushed in the fifth, but Welch staggered him with a right to the jaw. Moody rallied and came back with a hard right to Welch's face. Freddie was again very clever and had the best of the infighting that followed.

Terry McGovern's incarceration last week in a Brooklyn insane asylum probably brings to a close one of the most remarkable pugilistic careers in the history of the ring. Ever since the sudden check in his meteoric career, when he was defeated the first time by Young Corbett, Terry has been going back physically and this is not the first time there has been more than a suggestion of insanity. About two years ago, it was said, he was sent to a sanitarium, and stories were told of his sensational escape from the institution. As a matter of fact many believed that there was nothing in the story of his having been in a sanitarium, and that both his incarceration and his escape were merely wild tales from his disordered mind.

The fact remains that about the racetrack he frequently acted as though mentally weak. He would bet

cure the services of Burns also show plainly where the Canadian stands in the pugilistic world.

"This would mean a nice little Christmas present of \$6,000 to the fighters," said Fitzpatrick, "and Burns would be foolish to let this chance of getting big money for a short fight slip by."

There is considerable anxiety in Goldfield, Nev., to see Johnson in action. Tex Rickard, the Goldfield promoter and mine owner is in the East and has a date with Fitzpatrick to talk over the prospects of a long fight between Johnson and Burns, to take place at Goldfield early in the Spring. Fitzpatrick is no longer worrying over the future of Johnson. He sees the public clamoring more and more every day for the white heavies to try the chocolate colored heavyweight out, and knows that they cannot ignore Johnson much longer.

In fairness to Burns it must be said he has never said anything about drawing the color line, and it may be that he will be willing to meet Johnson.

Joe Gans wants another fight with Battling Nelson and would not be averse to a match with Britt.

"I will give Nelson two months to come to my terms," said Gans. "Just say for me that I am eager to fight him. I want to name reasonable terms. The weight must be 138 pounds the day of the fight, and he must give me 65 per cent of the purse, win, lose or draw. If he will give me a \$12,000 bonus I will fight him, winner take all for the balance."

These terms are by no means exorbitant when one pauses to recall the stand and deliver holdup game that Nelson gave Gans before he would agree to fight the latter at Goldfield.

SAM C. AUSTIN.

The greatest series of the greatest stories ever published in book form is now on the market and the first edition is almost exhausted. The title is "Sketches of Gotham," and Ike Swift is the author. The price is a dollar; postage 12 cents extra, which is cheap when you take into consideration that it is the kind of a book that usually sells for \$2.

TEX RICKARD BARS NOLAN

Purse for Nelson to Fight Gans, but Former Must Shake His Manager.

There wasn't anything about Tex Rickard to distinguish him from any one of the thousand or two other men, who lounged through the Imperial Hotel on Broadway the other afternoon, and yet a story of a famous gun play in Chicago in which the now well-known fight promoter of Goldfield, Nev., is said to have participated, made many of those to whom he was pointed out prone to look for him in the person of a typical Western desperado, attired in the characteristic big hat and other habiliments common to the cowboy. A reporter happened to mention the fact that there wasn't anything very desperate looking about the man who engineered the Joe Gans-Battling Nelson fight to a successful conclusion, which induced Rickard to say:

"I suppose that Chicago story made you look for a wild man. Now let me tell you what happened. Naturally, travelling back from civilization through the wild country East of Nevada, I packed a gun in my hip pocket—just a matter of self-protection. I never pull a gun—never. I was standing at a bar in Chicago talking to a friend, when I felt a move behind me. I turned around and there was a man just slipping my gun out of my pocket. I saw it in his hand, and naturally I thought he was a pickpocket. I started for him, and he threw back his coat and showed badge. He was a plain-clothes cop, and he had rubbed up against me and felt the gun. That's all there was to that—no trouble at all."

"How about your \$40,000 offer to Nelson and Gans?"

Rickard tipped his hat back and put both hands into his pants pockets.

"I never offered \$40,000. I don't know who started that story. I offered them \$30,000 to fight to a finish at Ely, Nevada. But Nelson must cut loose from Nolan. We won't tolerate Nolan. We won't allow him in the State of Nevada. We had one dose of his methods."

"Then you regard Nolan as a bad egg?"

"Worst in the world," replied Mr. Rickard, emphatically. "Nelson is a good boy. He's rough as they make 'em. His intentions are honest, but he is in bad hands."

"How did you get mixed up with Nolan?"

"I took it into my head to get up a fight," said Rickard. "First I wired McGovern and Britt, offering \$15,000. Neither even wired me an answer. They thought I was some irresponsible fellow making a bluff."

"Then I wired Gans and Nelson, offering \$20,000. Nelson took the wire and went around town inquiring about me. He happened to run into a couple of my friends who said I was good for whatever I offered. Nolan wired me that Nelson would fight for a \$30,000 purse."

"I went down the street and saw several of my friends. In fifteen minutes I had explained the proposition and they had made up the \$30,000 in subscriptions of from \$10,000 down to \$2,500. I went right back and wired Nelson accepting and telling him to come on. Why, I could have raised \$100,000 just as easy. Some of my friends were sore because I didn't ask them to subscribe."

"Nolan came on with Nelson. He never intended to let Nelson fight Gans. He thought he'd stall and get the money for a match with Clifford or some easy mark. Why, he was supposed to have up a \$6,000 forfeit. What he did have up was \$600, and a savings bank book with a \$4,000 account in his wife's name. That wasn't worth a cent to us, of course."

"When Nolan found Nelson would have to fight Gans he tried to sneak out of the match. He made a bluff at getting his forfeit back and was all ready to skip town. I told Nolan he'd never get out of Goldfield alive if he called the fight off."

"We won't have any trouble with Nolan this time. Gans and Nelson are the attraction, and we'll pay them \$30,000 for the fight. Gans has accepted on condition that he beats Herman. Nelson can accept on condition that he leaves Nolan behind."

BEAT A BIG MAN

With a Jiu-Jitsu hold. It is a very easy matter if you know how. Get M. Ohashi's book published by Richard K. Fox. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.



WALLACE CASTLE.

He is a Boxer of Trinidad, Colo., and if He Meets Anyone at 148 Pounds He Will Have the Backing of the Entire Town.

over in great shape, and it looked very dubious for him to do well. Attempting to follow up his advantage in the ninth, Walcott's left forearm, in which a ligament was broken against Gans in San Francisco, crashed against Melody's elbow and the Black Demon's left arm fell helpless to his side. Walcott's people tried to get him to stop, but in the tenth and eleventh he tried vainly to land a right-hand knockout, but failed. In the twelfth, seeing that his efforts were in vain, he stopped. The pitcher again had gone once too often to the well.

P. Jack O'Brien, who has managed to get away with many stupendous bluffs in the pugilistic game, has been sharply called down by his recent antagonist, Tommy Burns. After the recent mill at Los Angeles, O'Brien according to his usual custom posted \$1,000 and issued a challenge to Burns to fight again to a finish. The Philadelphian, however, was subjected to a sudden and unpleasant shock when Burns quickly covered this forfeit and also declared that he would beat O'Brien \$5,000 on the side that the latter would be stopped inside of twenty rounds. Those who know O'Brien well say that he will back out of this proposed match, as he has never favored finish fights, but has always been at his best in limited round affairs. The Quaker's failure to make a more successful showing with Burns did not come as a surprise to clever judges.

YOU CAN BE A CARD EXPERT If you possess a copy of Fox's Revised Hoyle's Games, Just published and now ready. It is an authority. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra. Address "Police Gazette."

Sam Fitzpatrick can get a match for his black protege, Jack Johnson, if he thinks well of a meeting with Tommy Burns, who recently fought a draw with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. A Philadelphia club has offered 60 per cent. of the gross receipts for a six-round go between these two fighters. Johnson is anxious for the bout and Burns is yet to be heard from.

The efforts of promoters all over the country to se-

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Racing, Trotting, Baseball and Cards.

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Our Sources of Information Are Accurate and Our Decisions Settle
Many Wagers for Our Readers.

F. H. D., Columbia, Nev.—High wins.
Chief, Comaplix, B. C.—Never heard of black jack.

S. N. J., Crystal Falls, Mich.—Never heard of the
wrestler you mention.

E. G.—Send thirty cents to this office for the Hoff-
man House Bartender's Guide.

G. O., Jersey City, N. J.—The Secretary of the
company will send you full statistics.

C. J. F., West Orange, N. J.—What nationality is
Philadelphia Jack O'Brien?....Irish American.

L. B. D., Paragould, Ark.—Write to the New York
Clipper, West Twenty-eighth street, New York City.

G. F. S.—Auction pitch; A is nine; B is nine; A bids
three; B bids; A makes 3; B has high; who wins?....B.

W. C. J., Detroit, Mich.—Did Burns (Tommy
Burns) ever fight Kauffman?....No record of their
having met.

A., Columbus, O.—Is there any premium on the
silver dollar of 1878 with the eight feathers in eagle's
tail?....No.

A. E. McC., Cayuga, Ind.—Is Tommy Ryan, the
middleweight, an Irishman or a Hebrew?....American
can; not a Hebrew.

An admirer—Where can I secure the address of former
jockey J. Michaels?....His parents live at Home-
crest, Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. J. McD., Bartlesville, I. T.—Is there a boxing
school or a good place to learn boxing in Kansas City
or Joplin, Mo.?....Don't know of any.

E. B., Hannibal, Mo.—Who is considered the most
scientific of the two present day pugilists, Kid McCoy
or Jim Corbett?....Corbett, in our opinion.

M. H. B., Consolacion del Sur, Cuba.—Where
did Con Rlordan and Fitzsimmons box when Rlordan
died from the effects of the bout?....Syracuse, N. Y.

Reader, Reno, Nev.—C and D have a fight; A bets
B that C wins; it is declared a draw; who wins?....Technically
B would win, but bets usually go with referee's decision.

W. G. P., Dedham, Ia.—Is George Hackenschmidt
the champion heavyweight wrestler of the world?
Did Farmer Burns ever hold a championship title?....

1. Yes. 2. No.

C. E. V., Crescent, Nev.—A and B are playing
auction pitch; 11 points; A has 10 points and bids 2; B
has 10 points and bids 3; B makes his three points, but
A makes high?....A goes out.

G. D., Akron, O.—If A and B are playing pitch
and A is one to go and B is three to go. A bids two and
B bids three, A has two and B has high, jack game,
which wins game?....Low wins.

B. J., Jonesboro, La.—Who holds the heavyweight
championship of the world since Jeffries retired?
Give me the address of the New York World?....1. The
title is void, 2. Park Row, N. Y. 3. Sporting World
has not been published for several years.

J. B. P., Phenix, R. I.—Providence won.

W. P. S., Chicago, Ill.—No record of McAuliffe
ever having been defeated.

J. A. Schalter, O'Fallon, Ill.—No charges. How
can you prove your assertion? Send photo.

F. J. McC., Apponaug, R. I.—What is the world's
record for a pole vault?....12 feet 4 1/2 inches.

C. L. P., Ridgway, Pa.—What is the nationality of
Tommy Ryan?....American, born in Redwood, N. Y.

S. A. H., Berkeley, Cal.—Write to H. Baggerly,
Sporting Editor Bulletin, San Francisco, Cal. He will
advise you.

Reader, San Francisco—What is the address of business
for good, artistic costumes?....Dozier, Union
Square, New York.

C. J. N., Muskogee, I. T.—Five-up game; the game
stands 3-3; A plays high game; B plays low Jack; who
goes out first?....Low Jack wins.

H. S., Evergreen, L. I.—Three people are playing
pinocle; one of them has four pairs and also jack, ten
and ace; what does it count?....350.

F. R., Salem, Mass.—To the best of our knowledge
he is an Italian. We have no reason to change our
original assertion. He himself has not denied it.

A. G., Cleveland, O.—What nationality is Tommy
Burns who fought Jack O'Brien?....We have been
told he is an Italian. His name is Noah Burns.

F. F. H., Tulsa, I. T.—Since 1902, when he defeated
Frank Erne. See POLICE GAZETTE Sporting Annual
for record of the fight. Erne won the title from Lavigne.

H. G. W., Logansport, Ind.—Five men playing
cinch; each man has nine points; one man bids three
and makes his three, but the next man holds the ace?....
High goes out.

H. B., Albuquerque, N. M.—A bets that the United
States has an international agreement with all Nations
to extradite from those countries any person guilty of
murder?....Not all countries.

G. C. J., Nacogdoches, Tex.—Advise me as to the
number of games the Pittsburg and New York National
teams won from each other for the season of 1906?....
They broke even; each won 11 games.

W. S. M., Denver, Colo.—Tell me the weight of
Terry McGovern when he won the championship from
Dixon?....Did Joe Gans ever get a decision over Joe
Walcott?....1. 122 pounds. 2. No, a draw.

H. W., Hot Springs, Ark.—Cribbage; A plays four;
B six; A two; B five; A three and B four; making in all
SCIENTIFIC BOXING

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46 full-page illustrations, written by the
acknowledged champion of boxers, James J.
Corbett. This invaluable book will be mailed
you on receipt of 13 cents in stamps.**

twenty-four; can A claim a run of five after playing
the three and B claims the same run of five after play-
ing his second and last four?....Yes, both have a run
of five.

W. G., Billings, Mont.—A, B, C and D are play-
ing Jack-pot poker; A is dealing; B and C pass; D de-
clares the pot open, having no money in front of him;
Can B play back before the draw?....He can.

R. V. H.—My father and mother came to this country
but my father never became a citizen of the United States; I was born in this country, am I eligible to become
President of the United States?....You are.

G. M. T., Cleveland, O.—Can you furnish me with the
addresses of the following: Dan Kelley, champion
100-yard runner?....Keogh, champion pool player?....Joe
Gans, champion lightweight?....Honey Melody, champion
welterweight?....Bowler making best average

of him, but puts in the pot 38 checks, and then his at-
tention is called by B that he is two checks shy; D then
takes out his 38 checks and says "I pass;" does D lose
those 38 checks or not?....He loses nothing.

Reader, Shelton, Conn.—A bets that Yale wins; B
takes the bet; result no score; who wins? my opinion
as stakeholder is that Yale must win in order for A to
win the money?....Your opinion is technically correct,
but money goes with referee's decision.

C. S., Jasonville, Ind.—A bets Jack O'Brien won
the fight with Fitzsimmons; B bets he did not; who is
right?....Was Slaty heavier than John L. Sullivan?....1. No decision rendered. 2. At the time they
talked of fighting Sullivan was the heavier.

Jem, Lodi, N. J.—A bets that in a game of pool a
ball played from hitting the cushion first the shot is
foul, claiming that you must play ball and cushion; B
claims that cushion and ball or ball and cushion count
alike provided the object ball be hit by the cue ball?....
B is right.

Gem, Searchlight, Nev.—Gans and Walcott fought
a twenty-round draw in San Francisco, Sept. 30, 1904.
Send for a POLICE GAZETTE Sporting Annual contain-
ing records of all their fights. Twelve cents in stamps.
All pugilists' records. Worth hundreds to you if you
are a betting man.

T. V. C., Springfield, Mass.—Casino; A is dealer;
cards are dealt for last hand; three nines are on board;
B's turn to play and holds the fourth nine; is B com-
pelled to take the three nines on first play or can he
withhold it until following or last play?....He can
play it when he pleases.

C. S., Avon, S. Dak.—A opens pot; Joker wild; has
Joker, queen of diamonds, two other small diamonds
and jack of clubs; B rakes on three jacks; A says "I
stay," and says "I split," turns jack of clubs up and
draws one card and gets another queen; B doesn't help;
who wins?....Opener wins.

J. S., New York.—A bet B that Bob Fitzsimmons
and Joe Grim never fought in Philadelphia; A's con-
tent being that no decisions are rendered in Phila-
delphia they simply boxed or sparred?....It was con-
sidered a fight. Fitz tried to knock Grim out. That
can hardly be called sparring.

N. J. Z., Hoboken, N. J.—There were two turkeys
raffled off, to be thrown for with dice; high man win-
ning one, low man the other; low man was tied and
they agreed to throw over, making no agreement who
should win, high or low, on the throw off?....Lowest
of the two would win in this instance.

B. Cohoes, N. Y.—Five men are playing poker; A
says and calls for three cards, the dealer gives him
four cards, A does not lift his cards from the table, but
calls the attention of the dealer; K says A's hand is
no good; B bets K that A has a right to something
he did not raise his cards from the table?....B wins.

Don't miss next week's GAZETTE and the
double page of champions of the year. There
isn't room for all of them, of course, but you
will find the important ones. Order your
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BILLY NESTRICK.

A HUSTLING BOOTBLACK OF BLUE ISLAND, ILL.



HERE'S A GOOD ONE.

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JESS KENNEDY.

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HUGO KELLY.

THE AGGRESSIVE AND POPULAR CHICAGO MIDDLEWEIGHT WHO IS TOMMY RYAN'S PROTEGE, AND HAS HIS EYE ON THE CHAMPIONSHIP TITLE.

A SPORTING SALOONIST

Wise Bartenders will Get Good Tips
In This Column.



Austin A. McCarroll is the proprietor of a cafe at 8 William street, Albany, N. Y., which is patronized by the sporting fraternity of the upper section of New York State. Mr. McCarroll is a lover of sports and can always be seen at any event of a sporting character in that vicinity.

Get on the job if you want a copy of the best paper published. Next week's GAZETTE will have a great double page of the champions of the year. It's a hundred to one you don't know who they are. Be wise and get a copy.

HERE IS A GREAT CHANCE.

All over the country from Maine to Florida, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, bartenders are sending in their recipes, and it is fair to assume that the present contest will be the greatest one ever held.

Enough has been said about the medals in previous issues. Of course, you know they are of solid gold.

Here is the list, so you will know what you are trying for.

FIRST PRIZE—\$75.00 Gold Medal.

SECOND PRIZE—\$50.00 Gold Medal.

THIRD PRIZE—\$25.00 Gold Medal.

If you have a good photograph of yourself send it in for publication at the head of this column.

It will cost you nothing.

What do you think of the contest?

Is there any way in your opinion, it can be improved upon or made more popular?

Do you belong to a bartender's union?

If you do, will you kindly send to this office the name and address of the secretary.

What feature do you like best about the POLICE GAZETTE?

Let us know, for we are always glad to hear from our readers.

But in the meantime don't forget to enter the contest.

GOEBEL'S PUNCH.

(By Nicholas Resteve, New Orleans, La.)

Large mixing glass; one bar spoon sugar; two or three dashes of lime and lemon juice; half fill with seltzer; one or two dashes Blackberry brandy; one pony Kirschwasser; three or four dashes Orange Flower water. Fill with cracked ice, stir well, strain in punch glass and serve with slice of lemon or a cherry.

Pugilistic Doings.

Jack Woods, one of the cleverest of the New England boxers, died in the hospital at Worcester, Mass., recently.

Appleton, Wis., will be a new boxing Mecca, and the promoters are planning to bring Charley Neary and Kid Farmer together.

Jack Root, the Chicago middleweight, is making an effort to break into the boxing game in England. His representative in London has challenged Jack Palmer to box Root for \$2,500 a side.

The National Sporting Club of London, reckoned badly when it thought it could Jack O'Brien to box Gunner Moir for a \$5,000 purse. The Philadelphia boxer has turned down the offer.

BILLY NESTRICK.

[WITH PHOTO.]

Billy Nestrick has a fine bootblack establishment at 297 Western avenue, Blue Island, Ill. He always keeps the latest copy of the POLICE GAZETTE on hand.

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Concerning **WILLIAM McGINTY** (also known as "Will Crossy.") Last heard of in 1807 at Oakland, Cal., with Burns & Waterhouse. Object—Settlement of small estate. **JOHN McGINTY**, care of John Turl's Sons, 26 Cortlandt St., New York.

12 LOVE LETTERS read two ways, bound to suit, and 10 best Songs, all 10 cents. 6 Secret Photos, 10c. Rare Collection of 14 pictures of a couple before and after marriage, with a mass of other interesting matter, 10 cents; or everything described in this advertisement for 25 cents, all postpaid. JOHN H. HARRIS, Dept. P.C. 168 Hamlin Ave., Chicago, Ill.

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY worth \$10,000 each, will also inherit Ten Thousand more; wishes to meet young or middle aged man with view to matrimony (Poverty no objection.) Address **MISS HART**, Dept. S58, 54 Wabash, Chicago, Ill.

MARRY WEALTH BEAUTY. Marriage **FREE**. Pay when married. Entirely new plan. Send no money for part. Select Club, Dept. 23, Tokosha, Mich.

MARRIAGE PAPER—Best published—mailed free. Contains advertisements marriageable people, many rich, from all sections of the United States and Canada. A. W. Gurnells, Toledo, Ohio.

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WEALTHY ladies and gentlemen of refinement anxious to marry; photographs and descriptions free. P. N. BOX 7, CANON CITY, COLO.

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Highest Award, Chicago World's Fair, 1903, Louisiana Purchase Exposition, 1904.

POLO A. A. BOUTS.

The regular fortnightly entertainment of the Polo A. A. of New York City, was attended by a large number of the members at the spacious clubhouse on Dec. 7.

George Jensen and John Williams, two middleweights, fought an interesting draw. During the entire six rounds it was a case of give and take for both fighters, and a merry pace was set. Charles Sinclair and Joe Hollis figured in the only other six-round bout of the evening, scrapping to a draw in lively fashion.

George Travers had the better of Charles Diegon, after four rounds. Bobbie Moore put up his best mill of the season against Marty Sullivan, getting the better of the argument in four periods. Jack Smith fouled for four rounds, but finished behind Jack O'Brien. Tim O'Brien and Al Wilson mixed it for the same length of time, but drew.

BILLY NESTRICK.

[WITH PHOTO.]

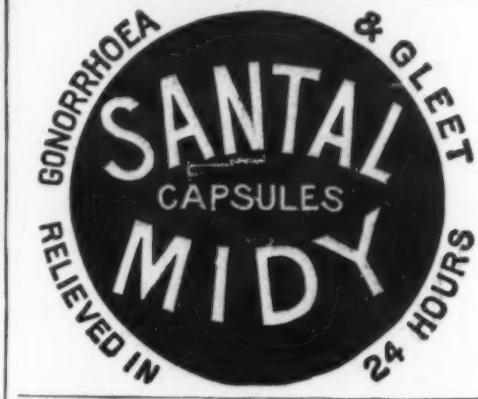
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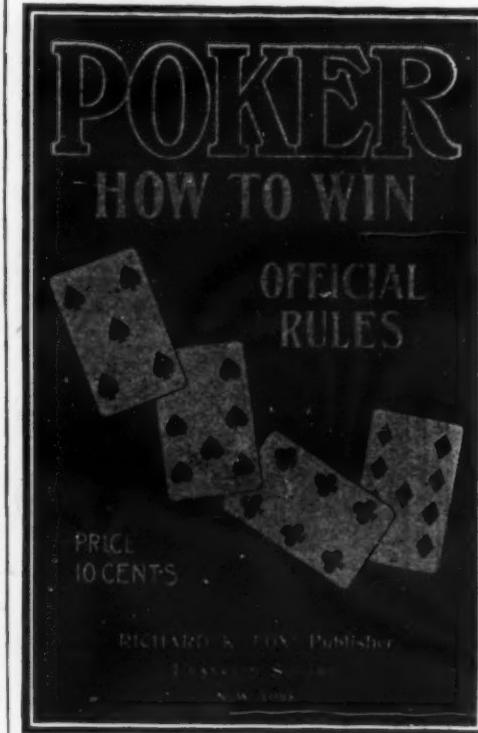


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EASY FOR MURPHY.

It took Kid Murphy, the clever New York bantam, only four rounds to convince Young Britt that he was not in the championship class, at Baltimore, on Dec. 6, before the Broadway A. C.

After the first round it was evident that Britt was not in the Kid's class, and it was only a question of how long he would last.

Murphy made the pace from the start and clearly outfought his man. In the fourth round the lancing he had taken caused Britt to show signs of a rapid crumpling, and to save him from a knockout one of his handlers threw a sponge into the ring.

BOXING IN OSHKOSH, WIS.

The first boxing show at Oshkosh, Wis., since the Hanlon and Mowatt contest was prevented by the authorities two years ago, was held recently. The curtain raiser was a six-round bout between Kid La Marche and Jerry Nelson, of Milwaukee, which was declared a draw. Al Brown, of Oshkosh, was disposed of in three rounds by Paddy, of Milwaukee.

The main bout was between Eddie McGaorty, a local favorite, and Mike Riley, which was declared a draw by the referee, George Ryan. The decision did not meet with the approval of the spectators.

LANGDON MADE NITCHIE HOLD.

A large crowd attended the bouts of the New Nonpareil A. C., at Philadelphia, Pa., on Dec. 8, and the wind-up, between Jack Langdon and Young Nitchie pleased the large audience.

For the first four rounds things were about even, but in the fifth Langdon took the lead, and in the sixth he worked so fast and so hard that he had Nitchie holding on to avoid punishment. In the semi-wind-up Jack Reardon knocked out Joe Rogers, of Port Richmond, in two rounds. Young Kenny knocked out Frank Fisher in two rounds, and Young Kid Broad stopped Hughey McCann in the fourth round.

ATTELL STILL CHAMPION.

Abe Attell got a firmer hold on the title of feather-weight champion on Dec. 7, before the Pacific Coast A. C., at Los Angeles, Cal., by knocking out Jimmy Walsh in eight rounds.

The blow that finished Walsh was a short right-hand swing to the jaw. It dropped him to the floor, where he was counted out by Referee Tommy Burns, the heavyweight pugilist, who recently fought Philadelphia Jack O'Brien a twenty-round draw in the same ring.

The little fellows went at it from the first bell, and in the first rally Walsh slipped and almost fell. He recovered in time to block a hard right for the head and landed a hard right on Attell's mouth. He followed it with a second in the same place and ducked a right swing. Coming out of a clinch Attell landed an uppercut, and following it with a right and left to the head bad Walsh covering up at the end of the round.

In the eighth and last round Attell opened with a hard right swing to the jaw that dropped Walsh to the floor. He was up quickly but Abe was right at him, and during a mix-up some one in Walsh's corner threw up a towel. Burns, the referee, thought that the seconds had given up for their man, and he stopped the go, but later it was denied that the sponge had been thrown up, and the boys went at it again.

Attell rushed Walsh all over the ring, landing with right and left at will. It was a right to the jaw that saved the championship. When Attell landed Walsh dropped to the floor and was counted out.

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